

The most lamentable Tragedie

Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lavinia you are not displeasde with this.

Lavinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

Satur. Thankes sweet *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsonles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.

Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolute withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum cuique* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprizde.

Satur. Surprizde, by whom?

Bassia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.

Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter

of *Titus*

Enter aloft the Emperour
sonnes, and Ar

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, th
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of
Ile trust by leysure, him that m
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterou
Confederates all thus to disho
Was none in Rome to make a
But *Saturnine*? Full well And
Agree these deeds, with that p
That saidst I begd the Empire

Titus. O monstrous, what

Satur. But goe thy wayes, g
To him that flourishd for her v
A valiant sonne in law thou sh
One fit to bandy with thy law
To ruffle in the Common-we

Titus. These words are raz

Satur. And therfore louely
That like the stately *Thebe* mo
Dost ouershone the gallant st
If thou be pleasd with this my
Behold I choose thee *Tamora*

And will create thee Empreffe
Speake Queene of *Gothes* do
And heere I sweare by all the
Sith Priest and holy water are
And tapers burne so bright, ar
In readines for *Hymeneus* stan
I will not resalute the streetes o
Or chime my Pallace, till from
I leade espowd my Bride alon

Tamora. And heere in sigh
If *Saturnine* aduance the Qu